



LEISURE LAYS

... By ...

ALEX. S. CARNEGIE.

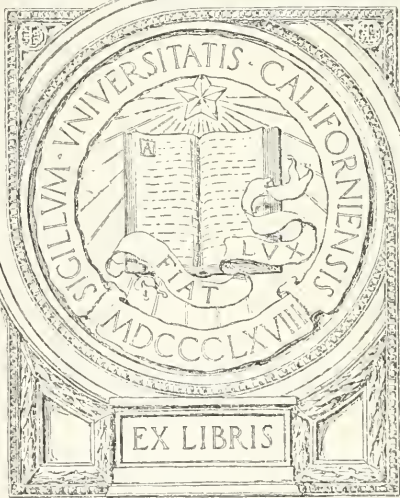


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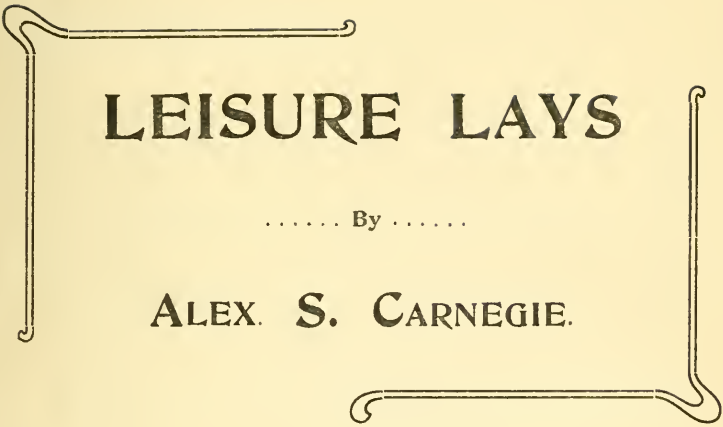


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LEISURE LAYS

..... By

ALEX. S. CARNEGIE.

Perth:

WOOD & SON, 52 HIGH STREET.

1903.



❧ P R E F A C E. ❧



I NEED offer no apology to my friends for the publication of this volume, for it is on the advice of many of them that these verses are now collected in book form. The majority of the poems have appeared in various newspapers and magazines, and in presenting them to the general reader, I do so in the hope that I may be found worthy of a place among Scotland's minor singers, and in the assurance that all will, at least, admit that I have never chanted my feeble measure in an ignoble cause.

Dron,
January, 1903.

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LEISURE LAYS.



The Beautiful Valley of Sometime.

WHAT lies in that valley no earthly eye sees,
No human heart ever can know ;
Though we've planted the seed, and watered it well,
We cannot tell how it may grow.
Though suns of the summer have smiled sweetly down,
As if they would wish all our labours to crown,
The fruit ne'er is known till the seasons have flown,
In the beautiful valley of Sometime.

What lies in that valley no Pisgah's heights tell,
Though ours be the summit of fame,
To peer and to peasant the veil lies between,
The darkness to all is the same.
The prince with his riches would peer through the
night,
And science fain give us a dim streak of light,
Yet nought can be known till the years have all flown,
In the beautiful valley of Sometime.

What lies in that valley no vision can show,
No dream of the night can declare ;
The young picture health, wealth, and glorious re-
nown,
A picture that fades into air.

The old have that rest which aye lies at their feet,
The mournful shall joy in a gladness complete,
Now pictured, then shown, when the years have all
 flown,
In the beautiful valley of Sometime.

What lies in that valley, oh ! seek not to know,
The burden would oft press thee down ;
To some the sky glitters with brightness and joy,
While others have sorrow's dark crown.
Rejoice o'er that valley that silence is hung,
A silence unbroken by man's mortal tongue ;
Yet sounds shall be known when the years have all
 flown,
In the beautiful valley of Sometime.

What lies in that valley's beyond mortal ken,
But men shall aye hope for the best ;
But *labour*, not hope, when our life work is done,
Finds peace in the toiler's sweet rest.
But leaning on God and aye battling for right,
Though clouds that hang o'er us be dark as the night,
Nought ill shall be known when the years have all
 flown,
In the beautiful valley of Sometime.

* * * * *

Town v. Country.

YE loodly craw the toon is gay,
An' that's the place on wintry day,
 And wintry nicht as weel ;
I doot ye kenna what you say,
 My worthy brither chiel'.

Come to the country, here's the place,
Whaur, tho' the snaw hide Nature's face,
 We're cosy nicht an' day,
For life moves at an ord'nar' pace,
 And disna flee away.

Ye gaily paint the city's sights,
And show them in their fairest lights,
 To tell you lo'e them weel ;
Wha writes like that, his pen aft dichts,
 For fear that pen should feel.

Ye talk o' sprees an' thaytur plays,
Ye tell me hoo ye pass your days
 Wi' cronies, lightsome loons ;
But, bless me, wha'd gi'e country ways
 For best o' things in toons.

For here the licht's baith bricht an' clear,
We dinna work 'neath gas oot here
 Thro' oot the hale day lang ;
If truth be tauld, ye'd aft'ner hear
 The lood, gay curlers' sang.

Ye canna ha'e a game like oors,
It's far beyond the civic poo'ers
 O' ye wha dwell in toons ;
But here we curl by day for hoors,
 Oor stanes mak' joyfu' soon's.

At nicht we seek nae grand play-hoose,
But at the fire oor nei'bours douce
 Meet for a freen'ly crack,
And ilk ane jokes and talks fu' crouse,
 And whiles we deal oor pack.

We've nae or—, I forget the name—
 It means a band—but a' the same
 We've mony a cheery reel ;
 The lads and lasses ha'e a game,
 We dae enjoy't, my chiel'.

And here we aye hae pure, clear air,
 Nae city stoor as ye hae there,
 To mak' ye kink and hoast ;
 I tell ye, and I tell ye fair,
 Wha lives in toons is lost.

I'll write nae mair, for weel ye ken,
 I'm better at the stanes than pen,
 For it's an awkward chiel' ;
 And weel I'd like to skip my men
 The morn again. Fareweel.

* * * * *

Aye bide laigh doon.

Fu' aft I think on bairnhood's days,
 Thae happy days sae langsyne gane,
 Tho' noo my haffet locks are grey,
 And o' my freen's I'm left alane.
 Yet as a loon I speel the wa's,
 Tho' at the thocht my heid flees roon' ;
 Nor min' my mither's warnin' cry,
 “Aye bide laigh doon.”

Aye bide laigh doon for fear ye fa',
 Ye'll find it guid advice and true ;
 And never haud your heid ower heich,
 The lowly mien you'll never rue.

Life's but a trauchle at the best,
And fame nocht but an empty soon',
My mither spak' richt weel, I wat :
"Aye bide laigh doon."

Aye bide laigh doon, if, when ye climb,
Ye trample on anither's taes ;
If couth and cantie at the fit,
Ye dinna taste wealth's care and waes.
Ne'er rax to heichts by aid o' ocht,
But honesty's bricht sparklin' croon ;
Ye'll find my mither spak' richt weel,
"Aye bide laigh doon."

Aye bide laigh doon in mind and heart,
Like the sweet bird that sings the best ;
Though heich your thochts and guidness soar,
Come doon at e'en on earth to rest.
And mind for a' there's but ae end,
When Time for us has circled roon' ;
Then they, wha fain wad reach the lift,
Shall bide laigh doon.

* * * * *

In Memoriam.

Right Hon. W. B. Smith.

Now gone to rest ; thy rest has been well won,
Now gone to rest ; thy work's been nobly done ;
In life beloved alike by friend and foe,
In death, for thee the nation's tears now flow.
We faintly knew thy worth ; ah, well we know it now
Too late, for Death has placed his cold hand on thy
brow.

Now gone to rest in service of thy land,
Now gone to rest ; she'll miss thy guiding hand,
And now the peer, the peasant all must own
Thou sought'st thy country's good and ne'er thine
own.

The nation mourns thee now ; thy virtues none can
tell,

We can but write in gold, "He did his duty well."

David Reid, Esq., Chomanean.

'Tis change, still change, as Time rolls on,
But now with thee all change is o'er,
Thou'st passed from life with all its change,
Unto that bright and changeless shore,
Far off the winter of thine age,
For autumn days had barely come,
But summer's flower is rudely torn
By Death in his great Harvest Home,
'Tis not the sere, the yellow leaf
That aye bears fruitage, ripest, best,
For kindly deeds and gentle words
Aye mark the true, the manly breast.

Thine actions long will last, while many a day shall
run,

The name, "A noble man," thou hast indeed well
won.



A glint o' Nature.

(A Western View.)

I HA'E traivelled thro' a' bonnie Scotland,
I ha'e seen mony a sicht in my day,
But the bonniest bit glint o' auld Nature
Is seen here frae oor ain schulehoose brae.
And bonniest at e'enin' in simmer,
Ere the sun sinks o'er Jura's lane land,
Is the glimmer o' gowd on the waters,
That's noo kissing Loch Sween's lanely strand.

Noo it lights up the side o' the Lussach,
Till the green's juist like pure gowden grain,
But the waters gi'e back its ain shadow,
And they send back its glory again.
Noo they shine like the brightest o' treasure
That the earth claims in bountifu' store,
And the couthie, kind hearts in oor hamlet
Ha'e the brightest o' gowd at their door.

And below, 'neath the waters sae sparklin',
Come the shadows baith bonnie and clear,
And we see ilka cot in oor hamlet,
In that hamlet we a' haud sae dear.
And betimes baith the sun and the shadows
Seem to linger a while on their way,
Ere they bid to oor auld mither Scotia
A "gudenicht," till anither new day.

Unto a', tho' the day be noo brichtest,
Will the sunset maist surely draw near,
And may oors, like the sun in thae waters,
Cast a gowden glint, sparklin' and clear.

And fu' surely we're casting oor shadows,
 Ay, on ilk ane that comes in oor way,
 O may oors be as bricht as the shadows
 That we see noo at close o' the day.

And whene'er oor life's sun's near the settin',
 Wi' the brichtest o' gowd may it shine,
 As we stand by the gate o' that city,
 Whaur the sunshine we never can tine.
 Ere the lane land o' silence shall hide us
 Far frae a' that we ken and lo'e best,
 May we brichten the sky wi' oor settin',
 Ere oor life's sun gangs doon in the west.

* * * * *

Our Dear Little Land.

THERE'S a dear little land in the ocean,
 Safe girt by the waves of the sea,
 The flag of the free ever floats o'er its shore,
 Its hymn is the song of the free.
 This dear little land 'mong the nations of earth
 Is first in its prowess and might,
 Its sons dearly love their own dear little isle,
 The homes where they first saw the light.

Chorus—Then hurrah for our dear little islands,
 Our rivers, our lochs, and our sea,
 Our bens and our bogs, our rich fertile plains,
 The home of the brave and the free.

'Mong the armies of earth its heroes have stood,
 And proved how they loved their old land,
 By the grim Alma's banks, on Waterloo's plain,
 Away on the rich Indian strand.

The hills of Dargai still resound to the pipes
 That stirred up the old Highland vein,
 While Trafalgar's bleak shore once proved to the
 world
 Britannia's the Queen of the Main.

Chorus.

The thistle, the rose, and the shamrock, the leek,
 The emblems of this our dear land,
 May they aye be seen on the flag of these isles,
 Together in one may they stand.
 The name of Britannia shall be as it is,
 The guardian of freedom, of right,
 Her ocean-girt shores be the home of the true,
 Who walk in full liberty's light.

Chorus.

* * * * *

Flee laigh, flee lang.

THERE's mony a proverb that's unco auld farrant,
 And in oor ain Doric they soond aye the best,
 But noo we are tinin' oor tongue and oor proverbs,
 For, bless me, the warld is movin' ower fest.
 There's nocht but paradin' on ilk side aroond us,
 To beat a' their neighbours folk's aye unco thrang.
 But we aulder buddies but lauch and say naething,
 We canna but mind o' "flee laigh and flee lang."

And noo when a lass and her jo are thrang coortin',
 They gang sailin' by in the broadest daylight;
 Thae things are a' altered sin' I was a lassie,
 We daurna be seen in the dimmest munelicht.

But noo ye can see them astride their braw wheelies,
They crawl unco croose as they traivel along ;
I think that oor wyes were the best yet o' ony,
We minded aye weel o' "flee laigh and flee lang."

And noo when they're married the warld maun ken o't,
A line print in siller asks you to be there,
When I was a bride baith mysel' and my bridegroom
Juist ca'd on oor freen's and invited them there.
And noo there are sprees baith afore and ahint it
Wi' warkfolk and them wha hae purses sae lang ;
Wad it no better be to hain a' that siller,
And mind weel that they that flee laigh aye flee lang.

A room and a kitchen ser'ed us when we married,
And nane were sae canty and croose that we saw,
Noo we hae oor bank-book, a guid pickle siller,
The best frien' we hae when oor back's at the wa'.
But noo it's a cottage, nocht less noo wad please them,
And even an organ, a bonnie like sang,
When nane o' the twa kens a thing aboot music,
They'll learn 'twad been wise to flee laigh and flee
lang.

It's no that it's only in ae thing this wastrie,
A' roond on ilk side we can see it rale weel,
But juist that my thochts had been turned to this
musin'
Wi' a siller invite to a marriage, atweel.
Noo, lassies, an auld wife wad kindly advise you,
Wha's proved it a' true in a life that's been lang,
Aye mind to be modest, ye'll find it is better,
Sae think on the proverb, "Flee laigh and flee
lang."

The Burn.

RIN on, little burnie, rin on to the sea,
And sing me your sang as you rin merrily,
Though lowly your lot, and tho' humble your name,
You're lo'ed by a bardie unkent unto fame.

Rin on wi' your waters sae wimplin' and clear,
Untainted by toon or by city oot here ;
Rin on to the ocean, and sing, as you go,
A sang that is sweeter than mighty streams know.

Rin on at the fit o' the dear schulehooose brae,
And cheer a' oor hearts as you rin on your way,
And bear us the lesson, tho' lowly your state,
That humble lives aft can be maist truly great.

O teach us contentment wi' a' that is sent
By Him wha's abune, and to whom is weel kent
Ilk joy and ilk sorrow, ilk tear and ilk sigh,
That fill a' oor hearts as oor life-time gangs by.

And teach us that life is a rill at the best,
Its source unco pure, and its ocean is rest ;
Gin distant the ocean, or gin it be near,
May life like thy waters be wimplin' and clear.

Then rin, little burnie, rin on to your sea,
(Our ocean the peace of the endless To Be),
And bear on your waters this sweet wimplin' strain,
Though lowly, if good, yet our lives are not vain.

In Memoriam—Rev. Jas. Thomson.

*(Poisoned at Drummond Gardens by drinking Weed-Killer in mistake
for water, 20th July, 1898).*

ONCE in life there comes a parting,
When the day seems dull and drear,
When in place of summer sunshine,
Nought but leaden clouds appear.
And though bright the July morning
Broke o'er this our western shore,
Yet the wings of morning brought me
News that smote me to the core.

Thomson's dead ! our friend has fallen
From our side on life's rough way,
And the bright, clear sky of summer
Now is dark as winter day.
Now St. Tam wears mournful aspect,
From his eye now drops a tear ;
Death with quick-winged arrow hastened,
Death with bitter blow drew near.

But yestreen in brightest manhood,
Now by poison lowly laid ;
His last kindly act is over,
His last gentle word is said.
Thomson's dead ! the world seems darker
Now to those who loved him best,
Those who knew how kind, how gentle
Was the heart within that breast.

Thomson's dead ! how well we loved him,
Time alone can only tell ;
And his words, his deeds so noble,
In our memories long will dwell.
Then, farewell, thou best of pastors,
Ere the grave has claimed its clay ;
Ours the darkest clouds of winter,
Thine the eternal summer day.

* * * * *

Trust in God.

WHEN the heart is weary, friend,
Weary, sad, and lone ;
When the world is dreary, friend,
Winter's winds do moan ;
When the sky is dark o'erhead,
When all hope is lost and dead,
When on thorns thy feet must tread,
Tread life's way alone.

When dear ones deceive thee, friend,
Faithless and untrue ;
When thy near ones leave thee, friend,
When they're lost to view ;
When thy heart is sore with grief,
Gladness strewn like winter's leaf,
Mortal cannot give relief,
None can succour you.

When the body's torn by pain,
When the brow is sore,
With no peace in mind or brain,
Restless evermore ;

None, you think, can give you joy,
 Hope, of life the stay, the buoy,
 Raging storms came to destroy,
 Bearing from the shore.

All thy pains and all thy cares
 On life's weary road,
 Disappointments, griefs, and snares,
 Every irksome load
 Cast behind thee ; ne'er forget
 By thy path some flowers were set,
 Flowers of hope which joy beget ;
 Trust, aye trust in God.

* * * * *

The Auld Bahill.

(On which stand the Church and Churchyard of Orwell, Milnathort).

THERE are heicher hills than oors, we ken,
 But nane that's half sae fair ;
 Tho' grander streams rin to the sea,
 Nane can wi' oors compare.
 The bricht blue lifts o' ither lands,
 Wi' glee the heart may fill ;
 But nae sight's like the ane we see
 Frae aff the auld Bahill.

It's bonnie when the mornin' sun
 Peeps o'er the Lomond's broo,
 And when his mid-day glints licht up
 The Loch wi' richest hue.
 As o'er the western hills he sinks,
 He's sweir to tine the sicht ;
 And sae he rowes oor ain Bahill
 In a gowden robe o' licht.

It's then I like to stand and see
The sights that lie aroon',
The sleepin' loch, the castle grey,
And Milnathort's auld toon ;
And Orwell's braes at this sweet hoor
The memory aye will fill,
Until the trauchled banes find rest
Upon the auld Bahill.

* * * * *

Ring, Wedding Bells.

*(The Duke of York, now Prince of Wales, married to Princess May,
July 6, 1893).*

RING out across the isle, ye merry wedding bells,
And tell the joy in Britons' hearts this day ;
From storm-tossed Northern sea to Dover's chalky cliffs
Let every hill send forth a glorious ray.
These heaven-high gleams but show the ardour of
each soul,
These bells but sound the gladness of each heart,
Since Britain's future King now clasps his beauteous
bride,
These twain are one, whom nought but death can
part.
Our brave young sailor Prince now guides another
barque,
And aye may sunshine gleam upon their way ;
May true and faithful hearts and duty aye well done
Across life's sea lead on, till close of day.
Then ring, ye golden wedding bells, for Britain's
crown this day
Adds lustre to its precious gems in York and Princess
May.

At Home.

At home, the home of bairnhood's days,
But changed and altered : can it be
That 'mid those scenes with joy I spent
The happy years of infancy?
At home, but to me sad and dull,
Each spot seems strange, all mirth is fled,
How great a change since 'neath these walls
My days of childhood quickly sped.

At home in Fairport once again,
And yet my heart feels far from home,
For ilk loved spot to mem'ry dear
Serves but to make my fancy roam.
At home, but now we hear no more
A mother's warning, gentle, true ;
At home, a father's voice is hushed,
They're gone for aye, now lost to view.

At home, though changed, yet dear to me,
My fondest chords still round thee cling,
And where'er Fortune guides my bark,
Thy name to me will joy aye bring.
At home, and, while I lisp that word,
Another spot comes to my mind,
And though not home, a second home
I well may claim 'mid friends so kind.

At home, yet sweet it is to think
That strangers once my tread now miss,
That absent friends would hear my voice ;
I ask no dearer thought than this.

Through coming years may I be spared
To visit oft my home of yore,
And in those days I'll ne'er forget
My second home, Loch Leven's shore.

* * * * *

A Bowler's Reverie.

SEE yonder men engaged in play ;
How sweet the hour they spend at e'en,
Their cares are flown, their minds at rest,
And nought but friendship's love is seen.

How like the game of life it seems,
Whose "jack" is in the distance laid,
Whose every act is but a "bowl,"
By which our hopes are marred or made.

Though we may "plant" a well-drawn "shot,"
And "block the port," our labour's vain ;
"The breeks are ta'en," the shot is drawn,
And we are left to mourn again.

And some sure "driver" blasts our hopes,
He "springs the jack" far from our bowl ;
And, fain to "lay one at the back,"
To life's dark "ditch" we've seen it roll.

We've kept them, too, upon the green,
We've laid them down with eident care,
But soon a "toucher" from a friend
Has "trailed the jack" ; 'twas hard to bear.

A player oft has "blocked our way,"
And some have used as a "rest,"
Yet, though our "score" seems small to men,
God knows we've played aye for the best.

And we can score a well-won "shot,"
And in the game we'll play to win,
Then, if we've watched our every bowl,
At nightfall God shall count us in.

* * * * *

Robert Burns.

WE will deck thee not with the flowers that fade
'Neath the blue Italian dome,
But we'll weave our wreath with our Scottish blooms,
Those blossoms that speak of home.
And our Highland hills shall give forth their best
For the garland knit to-day,
While the sweetest flowers of our Lowland plains
On thy brow shall now decay.

And while with these blooms we adorn thy brow,
We would strike our minor lyre,
We would yield our torch to the noonday light
Of thy true, poetic fire.
And low at the feet of our master bard
We rejoice to kneel this day :
We would bare the head, we would court the muse,
And anew our homage pay.

On the lightning wings of the morning dawn
To heaven would we raise our song,
From the eastern hills where our brethren roam
To the west it's borne along.

And the hearts in our dear loved Scotia's land
Catch her absent sons' refrain,
While Columbia's shores re-echo the sound,
And send back thy name again.

Like the mighty oak 'mid the wintry storms
Of a hundred years now fled,
Dost thou stand unscathed by the wrathful blast
Of venom both vile and dread.
But these cannot claim what we proudly own,
That by far we're better men
For the lyre thou struck near the winding Doon,
Whose chords are not hushed again.

The lyre in thy hand has wakened our song,
The song of the true and free,
The song of the swain, of the blushing maid,
The song of youth's happy glee,
The song of manhood, whose pride is not gold,
The song of the high and low,
The song of true kings, all leal, honest men,
The song of virtue below.

For the wild war chant and the sweet love-song
That lovers breathe 'neath the moon,
For brotherhood's song with its happy time,
We pray it may come full soon.
For these we would raise to thy muse our thanks,
While to Ayr our fancy turns,
For these were the songs of thy living lyre,
And thou art our Robert Burns.

And while on the roll of earth's honoured men
We inscribe full many a name,
While in Scottish hearts our Wallace still lives,
While burns true liberty's flame ;

While Bruce is our hero, Knox ne'er forgot,
Thy name, too, adorns our page,
For thou art the bard of a hundred years,
The bard of each coming age.

We bring the ivy, fidelity's flower,
A rose our love to confess,
We bring a daisy, sweet innocence' bud,
These show our love grows not less.
Nor will it decay in the future years,
Though the heart more dimly burns,
In the days to come, as in days gone by,
We will love our Robert Burns.

* * * * *

A Fragment.

WHEN flowers were adorning our hillsides,
The cuckoo was chanting its song,
A band of bright angels came near thee
To beckon thee on to their throng.

And brighter flowers now deck thy pathway,
A sweeter song falls on thine ear,
And fairer than earth are the regions
That now to thy sight do appear.

And we who are left are now mourning,
From heavy-dimmed eyes drops a tear ;
A chaplet of pure, spotless blossom
We'd twine, while we stand by thy bier.

An Auld Wifie's Sang.

THOUGH noo an auld buddie that's nearin' fower score,
And gettin' rael dune-like and frail,
I've mind o' the time when a lassock I ran,
And wa's wi' the laddies I'd scale.
But things are a' changed noo sin' I was a lass,
Sic trokes wad be vulgar, I ween ;
The lassies are leddies noo in their short claes,
Lang, lang afore they've reached a teen.

I've mind o' the days when I gae'd to the schule,
My mind fu' o' learnin' to store,
It was na the kind that they get in thae days,
Nae Laitin, nor French, nor sic lore.
We'd nae L.L.A.'s in the days o' my youth,
And nane o's at College ava' ;
We'd nae Dr. Maries, nor Betsy M.A.'s,
But auld weys are wearin' awa'.

But noo ilka lassock maun learn ither tongues,
And thump a pianny at hame,
They cram, and they drill, and they draw, and they
paint,
Wi' things that I canna weel name.
I kenna their arts, and I kenna a phrase
O' a' that they learn noo ava',
The three R's and Grammar were a' that we had
In days that are noo gane awa'.

And after oor schule-time we gaed oot to play,
And watch ower oor Jeanie and Tam ;
When the sun gaed awa', and darkness cam' doon,
Then hame to oor mither we cam'.

And there roon' the ingle, when they were in bed,
She taucht us to knit and to shoo ;
We learned maist frae her, and no a' frae oor books,
Hoo life we cud best warstle through.

But we were auld fashioned, and thocht hame the place
Whaur women the first aye should be,
We learned hoo to cook, and to mend a' the duds,
For days that in future we'd see.
But noo wi' their Greek and their Laitin they try
To drive a' the men to the wa' ;
But nane o' their weys can I very weel thole,
I'd like back the days noo awa'.

* * * * *

Burns and Highland Mary.

It is the hour of twilight,
And the sun is sinking low
O'er the dark brown hills of Coila,
While the shadows come and go,
While the shadows come and go,
O'er a maiden and her swain ;
While the stream's soft rippling waters
Lap its shelt'ring banks again.

In this the hour of twilight,
Do they whisper love's sweet tale ;
The wimpling waters hear the vow,
That is caught by ev'ning gale.
That is caught by ev'ning gale,
And is borne to heaven on high,
For angels, too, can feel the pulse
That throbs with loved ones nigh.

It is the hour of twilight,
And the waters gently flow
'Tween the maiden and her true love,
And their hearts are both aglow,
And their hearts are both aglow,
While they swear eternal faith,
Faith, true as that in God's own Word,
Faith that can conquer death.

* * * *

It is the hour of twilight,
And the years have now fled past,
Since the evening star shone fondly,
And its sweetest radiance cast,
And its sweetest radiance cast
O'er the fond, true, loving twain,
And the dark brown hills of Coila
Catch the golden tints again.

It is the hour of twilight,
And that star beams brightly clear,
Yet to the eyes of yonder swain
Its bright glory brings a tear,
Its bright glory brings a tear,
While his muse, like smould'ring fire,
But kindles into brightest glow
With the gleam of poet's lyre.

It is the hour of twilight,
Yet he sees the same sweet face,
And by his side at this grey hour
Does she take her own old place,

Does she take her own old place,
 Though another stream now flows
 'Tween those lovers, fond and faithful,
 Yea, the stream of last repose.

And at the hour of twilight
 We will often sing that song.*
 Our minor muse will strike the lyre
 And the living notes prolong,
 And the living notes prolong,
 As each Scotch heart fondly turns
 To Coila's hills, and toasts with love
 Highland Mary—Robert Burns.

* "Mary in Heaven."

* * * * *

In Love.

O, GUESS ye hoo I feel the nicht,
 Ah, no ! ye dinna ken.
 There ne'er was ane wha felt sae ill
 Baith but the hoose and ben.
 I canna rest ava at e'en
 Doon by oor ain fireside,
 But forth maun gang, a' by my lane,
 To wander by the tide.

I canna set my wand'rin' thochts
 On ony thing ava ;
 I canna eat, I canna sleep,
 My peace has gane awa'.

I'm ill, I'm ill, ye canna doot,
My heid's aye like to rive,
My heart ilk hoor gangs pit-a-pat,
I'm mair deid than alive.

Answer—

Dod, lassie, but I ken rale weel
What ails ye noo sae sair,
Your seen twa een, they've stown awa'
Your peace, ay, and far mair.
Nae doot, gin he wad say ae wurd,
Ye'd be content to rove
Twa, airm in airm, doon through the glen,
For, lassie, ye're in love.

* * * * *

A Song of the Summer.

SING me a song of the summer,
When the days are so clear and bright,
When the sun rides high in the azure sky
In a chariot of golden light,
When the robes of the trees are the brightest,
And the birds lilt their cheeriest song,
And the flowers lend their beauty to charm us,
Oh, sing me a sweet summer song.

Sing me a song of the summer,
Of the balmy and gentle breeze,
Of the beauty of hills and of rivers,
And sing of the calm summer seas.

Let your song be as bright as the sunshine
That circles us all the day long,
Not a cloudlet of care or of sorrow,
Let such be your sweet summer song.

* * * * *

Dae ye mind.

O, DAE ye mind the aulden days,
When by the Wardmill Dam
We ran and played aboot the braes,
When days o' simmer cam'?
The broom put on her gowden dress,
The daisies decked the lea,
We pu'd the gow'nies 'mang the grass,
Nae thocht o' care had we.

O, dae ye mind the aulden days,
When o'er the Wardmill Hill
We ran like lammies blithe and free,
Like them we thocht nae ill?
Amang the sandholes there we played,
Till the gloamin' shades did fa',
But noo, alas! like a' thae days,
The Wardmill Hill's awa'.

O, dae ye mind the aulden days,
They seem noo like a dream,
We chased the minnows 'mang the stanes
In Brothock's gurglin' stream?

We paidled in the Syrie then,
And crossed frae stane to stane,
But noo the Syrie's closed to a',
Thae paidlin' days are gane.

O, dae you mind the aulden days,
And a' the laddies then,
Wha played in simmer up the Dens,
Some noo hae grown to men.
They're scattered noo, and some are deid,
We'll meet them ne'er again,
But we'll aye mind oor playmates a',
And the days that noo are gane.

* * * * *

Happiness.

HAPPINESS lies not in honour,
Great although the honour be ;
'Tis not found on fields of battle,
Where the shot flies fast and free.
Yonder worldling with his treasure
Hath not found the secret spring,
And the scholar with his learning
Knows not life's most gladsome thing.

In the gilded hall of pleasure,
Where the knights of fashion throng,
Where is seen the giddy dancing,
Where is heard the merry song,

Happiness hath not her dwelling,
 'Tis not there we find her reign,
 For the heart alone the centre
 Is of all her wide domain.

But 'tis found in hearts that, striving
 For a brother's welfare here,
 Make the home-nest doubly homelike
 Unto all their loved and dear.
 Thus in thought for others, struggling
 Tired and weary on life's way,
 Comes true happiness to bless us,
 Comes true happiness to stay.

* * * * *

A Country Sang.

A CITY life's nae life for me,
 I canna thole't ava ;
 Gie me the bricht sheen o' the country sae green,
 Whaur the fresh'nin' breezes blaw.
 Let me stand on the slopes o' the braes o' Dron,
 And the banks o' oor wimplin' stream,
 For surely oot here 'mid a scene so fair,
 Is the hame o' a poet's dream.

A city life's nae life for me,
 Wi' its smoke baith day and nicht ;
 Whaur the clear caller breeze aye blaws through the
 trees,
 It's there I can find delicht.

Let me bask for a while 'mid the Ramsheuch's shade,
While abune is the bonnie blue
O' the lift sae clear, maist surely it's here
That the cup o' oor joy seems fu'.

A city life's nae life for me,
Wi' its ceaseless, bustlin' din ;
Let me wander at will by the Pottiemill,
And there see the burnie rin.
Let's hear the wee birds as sae sweetly they sing
The refrain o' auld Nature here,
Whaur nocht is heard but the sang o' ilk bird,
Whase lilt is sae sweet and sae clear.

A city life's nae life for me,
Wi' its cauldrie streets and lanes ;
Let me look ance again o'er the Baiglie plain,
Whaur Nature as queen aye reigns.
Oh, blithe is oor lot aye, wha live whaur the green
O' the fields we can see on ilk side,
Like the placid stream o' a happy dream,
Oor lives must aye sweetly glide.



Farewell.

FAREWELL to Tayvallich, the place that I love,
Farewell to Loch Sween's lovely shore,
Farewell to the home where the happy days winged,
As birds in the air lightly soar.
Farewell to the beauteous, the grand Knapdale hills,
That greeted me early each day,
How cheery their sight, and how glad was their smile,
As bathed in the sunlight they lay.

Farewell to the hearts in that hamlet so dear,
Where each was so trusty and kind,
None truer or stauncher, whate'er be my lot,
In life can I e'er hope to find.
How frail is the muse to express what we feel
When hearts are both heavy and sore,
When the parting has come how dimmed are the eyes,
To think we may meet nevermore.

Farewell to the bairnies, how dear unto me
My work among them one and all,
How fondly I loved them, but farewell is said,
And mem'ry alone can recall.
My bairnies be good, aye be upright and true,
Aye trust you in God and do well ;
When life's school is o'er may we all meet up there,
Where none will e'er whisper "Farewell."

In Memoriam.

(Rev. Dean Geddes, R. C. Priest, Arbroath, died 30th December, 1891).

DEATH, death, and still old Time calls out, "All die,"
The morn, the noontide, and the eve haste on ;
And so with mortals do the years speed by,
And oft we hear the cry, "His race is run."
And some pass from us we can hardly spare,
But still the angel Death sweeps on his way ;
He lingers not to view the tearful eyes,
The good, the bad are all alike his prey.
Could bitter tears have stopped his course, ah ! now
Thou hadst been spared to us in life to-day,
For by thy kindly hand and welcome smile,
Thou'st cheered full many hearts on life's rough
way,
And nobler made this world ; and we who knew thee
well,
Although not one in creed, would bid thee now
"Farewell."

Diamond Jubilee Sonnet.

HAIL, noble Queen, from every Scottish ben
The dark'ning sky would steal a lurid flame,
The vaulted arch re-echo back the sounds
That rise from all at thy great honoured name.
Hail, royal lady, first in all our land
In goodness, greatness, virtue without peer ;
To-day thy people's hearts with one accord
Would greet thee, Queen, to one and all so dear.
Blest by our God, thy reign, a boon to all,
Has passed away for sixty long, long years ;
Our joys, our cares were thine, and thine were ours,
Together we have shared our mirth, our tears.
We pray for years of life to thee upon thine earthly
throne,
And after death the fadeless crown that God gives to
His own.

Autumn.

'Tis the sere, the yellow leaf
Shows that Autumn days fly past ;
'Tis the sharp October breeze
Leads our thoughts to Winter's blast.
From the fields no more we hear
The sweet song of harvest home,
Now the sickle's laid at rest,
Winter days must surely come
Full soon.

So the seasons come and go,
Spring's bright hope and Summer's heat
Must give place to Autumn grey,
Bending low at Winter's feet.
And the hoary King must rule
O'er his bleak domains so wide,
Whose firm iron rod but seems
Surging foam, as swift Time's tide
Rolls on.

Each year finds with all its scenes
Entrance to the gateway wide,
One more page in Time's great book,
O'er life's sand another guide.
But the Autumn days will come
Aye to show to puny man
That his harvest, too, draws near,
E'en while God's eternal plan
Is sure.

The Auld Kirkyaird.

OH, bury me o'er in the auld Kirkyaird,
Within soon' o' the rollin' sea,
Whaur the settin' sun sheds its pairtin' licht,
Oh, bury me there when I dee.
Let the wavelets ripple ootower the beach,
Let the storm-waves bluster and rair.
They're free frae the gale, there is nae wild sough
To the deid that are slumberin' there.

O'er the western hills o' the Jura land
The sun shines its brichtest reid,
It lichts on the hill-taps that stand aroon',
It lichts on the hame o' the deid,
As gin it were sweer to whisper "guidnicht"
To that peacefu' spot by the sea,
For the settin' sun is the kirkyaird sun,
It tells o' the weird we've to dree.

But the wild waves seem gin they didna care
For the rest o' the trauchled banes,
For they dance and play o'er the sandy beach
Wi' the daffin' o' thochtless weans.
On the Carsaig Isle the wild sea-birds screech,
And the wee lambs bleat on the hill ;
But they dinna hear in their lanely bed
Be they ever sae lood and shrill.

Then bury me o'er in the auld Kirkyaird,
Within soon' o' the rollin' sea,
Whaur the settin' sun sheds its pairtin' licht,
Oh, bury me there when I dee.
Ance that western sun will hae set for aye,
And I'll see it the last o' a',
Ere the break o' day in that heavenly land,
Whaur nae gloamin' shadows e'er fa'.

* * * * *

Winter.

THE Summer has beauties to claim as its own,
The Autumn its fruitage and flowers,
And Spring is the herald of bright summer days,
But Winter to me has sweet hours.
Tis not the short days of December so dark,
Nor the health-giving frosty air ;
Tis the long winter e'en I spend by the fire,
And give not a thought to dull care.

We read in the Book of a garden full fair,
Where brightest of flowers could be seen,
And mortals oft wish for a great wizard's eye
To see such a beautiful scene.
But if of the joys we can share here below
They tasted in Eden's fair bower,
It is as we sit by the old kitchen fire,
In wintry eve's calm, peaceful hour.

And e'en though the tempest may whistle and howl,
And earth don her mantle of white,
We give not one thought to the tempest without,
We're safe through the long winter night.
For here in the glow of the old winter log
Our bairnies are frolicking free,
Their din and their prattle make life dearer far,
Yes, these are its joys unto me.

And so unto all will the seasons of life
Each have a fair charm of its own,
But none will be dearer than winter, I trow,
When autumn's years quickly have flown.
The frost of old age shall have whitened our brow,
And dear ones be doubly more dear ;
We shall bask in the gleam of love's brightest glow,
Eternity's spring drawing near.

* * * * *

The Fairy Queen.

A CONCLAVE was held by the fairies one e'en
In the nook of a sylvan dell,
Where nought could be seen but the spectre-like trees,
Nothing heard but a gurgling well ;
And they sat them there, as the shadows declined,
In the cups of the bonnie bluebell.

They gathered them there each a story to tell
Of the blessings they brought unto men ;
High up in the sky, the watch tower of the world,

A tiny star looked o'er that glen,
And lent them her light while they told each her tale,
And echo re-told it again.

One fairy, decked out in a mantle of gold,
Claimed she should be first among all ;
"I spread forth my wings as I fly o'er the world,
On many my treasures do fall,
For I am the fairy of Wealth," whispered she,
"For me men most loudly do call."

"While some long for you, sister Wealth," whispered
one,
"Full many are calling for me,
Imploring the fairy of Fame to abide
With them, whereso'er they may be,
And the children I bless have undying names
Through the years of futurity."

"How few are the chosen with you, sisters dear,
But many I bless in my flight,
The sons of mankind love the fairy of Health,
Who brighter makes everything bright,
And helps them enjoy the loved scenes of old earth,
I bathe in a mantle of light."

One shy timid fairy stepped forth then, and said,
"Your treasures you all freely give ;
You give to the favoured ones all o'er the earth,
I lend to all mortals that live ;
None favoured have I, I have filled every age,
I'm Love, and for aye shall I live."

The fairies around, who had gathered that e'en,
Cheered the white-robed fairy, sweet Love,
The star seemed to sparkle with far brighter gleam
From high in his watch-tower above,
And so on that e'en in that still, sylvan dell
They crowned her their fairy queen—Love.

* * * * *

In Memoriam.

(Duke of Clarence, heir-apparent, died January 14th, 1892.)

SNATCHED from the glories of an earthly throne
He sleeps in death, the loved of all our land.
We raised our cry in hope, our tears now flow,
On our own Prince death's laid its with'ring hand.
Full soon we thought to ring his marriage bells,
But now, alas ! we toll his funeral knell ;
In coming years we thought to hail him King,
But now we mourn in grief tongue cannot tell.
Death smites the breast of her, our Lady Queen,
That Princely sire, too, bends beneath the blow ;
The mother's heart now breaks ; but what of her
Who claimed his love, her fondest hopes how low?
He's left a loving bride, a nation, too, in woe,
To-day a King above, yestreen a Prince below.

Epistle to Rusticus.

I'VE thocht on mony a byegane day
To send you on a hamely lay,
But hoo to write or what to say
 I didna ken.
But noo my muse maun hae its way,
 It drives my pen.

We're followers o' the tunefu' nine,
Although 'tis true we'll never shine
Wi' him, wha wrote o' Auld Lang Syne
 And Bonnie Doon,
Still we'd be sweer the jaud to tine
 Wi' 'er jinglin' soon'.

What tho' we baith can claim nae fame,
And ne'er expect the poet's name,
An hoor's bricht sunshine we can claim
 For some puir soul,
Wi' sangs o' love an' sangs o' hame,
 And that's oor goal.

And as we've warstled 'lang life's way,
We've pu'd the floo'ers o' simmer day,
When hearts aroon' were afitimes wae,
 Hope's brichtest floo'ers ;
We've snatched them wi' their bonniest ray
 Frae Eden's boo'ers.

And after a' gin we can rhyme,
Its no to merely pass the time,
But ca' up joy wi' oor puir chime,
 To hearts fu' sair ;
It surely isna ca'd a crime
 To ease their care.

* * * * *

Britons to the Core.

SONS of the heroes bold
 Who fought in days gone by,
Britannia calls for service now,
 'Tis yours to do or die.
To do or die on distant plains,
 As Britons only can,
For Freedom strike ; in Freedom's cause
 You've always led the van.

Sons of the heroes bold,
 How honoured is their name,
And worthy sons are ye, we trow,
 Of soldiers known to fame.
For Inkerman, Sebastopol,
 And Waterloo's grim plain,
All speak to you in tones full clear,
 They speak, and not in vain.

Sons of the heroes bold,
You know your part full well ;
You proved to all at dark Dargai,
Omdurman, too, can tell
That British soldiers are as brave
As in the days of yore ;
God bless you, gallant soldier lads,
You're Britons to the core.

* * * * *

The Knapdale Hills.

OH, the Knapdale hills are bonnie,
When they're busk'd o'er wi' floers,
When the daisy and the lily
Cheer oor sunny, summer hoors ;
Cheer oor sunny, summer hoors,
And bring gladness ance again,
While in the woods the birdies sing
A cheery, glad refrain.

Noo the trees are dressed fu' brawly
In their garb o' darkest green,
The hills are tapped wi' gowden licht
While the waters glint atween ;
While the waters glint atween,
And the heath is near the bell,
The Knapdale hills are bonnier
Than the tongue o' man can tell.

In the valley, low doon yonder
By the beauteous sylvan dell,
Is the hame, whaur says the story,
The auld fairies wont to dwell.
The auld fairies wont to dwell
In their lovely Fairyland,
In as bonnie a nook o' nature
As ye'll find on Scottish strand.

Oh, the Knapdale hills are bonnie
When the mornin' sun shines bricht,
But they tine nought o' their beauty
At the noonday or at nicht.
At the noonday and at nicht
We forget oor life's warst ills,
Oor minds can rise abune them a',
By the bonnie Knapdale hills.

* * * * *

1901.

TIME stayeth not, the years fleet past,
And bear us on and ever on ;
Each one seems shorter than the last,
Their days seem few when once they're gone.
Again we stand beside the grave
Of one more year, a dead old year,
And on Time's roll its name we carve,
And drop our tear, our farewell tear.

Thine early days were dark and drear,
They took our Queen, our noble Queen.
We miss her gentle, kindly heart,
Her grace and mien, her queenly mien.
Our daughter nation, too, has wept
O'er one so great, yea, nobly great,
Whose fall was mourned o'er all the world
As in his State, his native State.

And war's dark blot has marred thy page,
The blood flowed red, ay, streaming red.
And 'midst our brave ones far away
We mourned some dead, some noble dead.
At home our miners, too, have proved
That they're a band, a gallant band
Of heroes bold as they who dare
Defend our land, our well-loved land.

Farewell, old year, but like the friends
Of other years, those bygone years,
We bid to thee our fond farewell
Amid our tears, our blinding tears.
But like those friends we'll ne'er forget,
While years do run, do onward run,
Thou'st left thine impress on our hearts,
Old nineteen-one, dead nineteen-one.



Arbroath.

As I sit by the fire in the e'ning,
The olden scenes come to my mind,
The olden days pass now before me,
The years I have long left behind.

I can see the old town by the seaside,
I behold once again the Roond O,
I'm sporting once more o'er the Common,
As I did in the days long ago.

The dear haunts of old by the Brothock,
St. Vigeans, the Dens, and the Hill,
Like friendships of yore pass before me,
In fancy I see them all still.

I recall now the cliffs and the harbour,
The Abbey pile hoary and grey,
Ilk spot I held dear in St. Thomas,
From the memory can ne'er fade away.

Whate'er be my rank or my fortune,
In life whatsoe'er be my part,
I'll treasure those scenes of my boyhood,
The scenes that are dear to my heart.

Oor Gowden Waddin'.

WE hae wars'led alang 'mang the howes and the
knowes,

On a road that we a' hae to gang ;

We hae aye borne oor part for thae fifty odd years,
In the midst o' life's tirr-wirr and thrang.

We hae aye haen a blink o' the sunshine o' joy,
Though oor gowden gear was unco sma' ;

We hae aye haen a sup and to spare, my guidwife,
In the fifty years noo gane awa'.

A' the weirds we ha'e dree'd, but thy couthie bit smile
Drove the auld carle Dool frae oor hame,

And oor cares ha'e been sma', for an elfin ca'd Love
Danced alang on the wee wavelets' faem.

In thae years, my guidwife, we ha'e ha'en meikle glee
In oor snug, cosy hame on the brae,

We ha'e pu'd a' the gow'nies that grew by the path,
For thae gow'ns were the joys that we ha'e.

We ha'e seen a' oor bairnies grow up into men,

E'en wee Tam, wi' the fair, curly pow,

Is noo grown a big man wi' a wife o' his ain,

And they a' are rael cantie, I trow.

But we've mind o' the days when they toddled awa'

An' lay snug in your bosal at e'en ;

But noo they are men, and they're a' guid and true,

We are prood o' oor bairnies, I ween.

Oor haffets are grey whaur the locks ance were black,
And noo dim wi' auld age is the e'e,

Oor hearts are aye young, for love winna grow auld,
Ay, it's youth yet wi' you and wi' me.

And tho' we are frail, yet we'll gang hand in hand,
As we've dune in the days that are gane,
And lang may the day be o' drawin' to mirk,
When ane o's maun traivel alane.

Ye ha'e aye been a douce, cantie wifie to me,
Sin' the day ye bade minnie fareweel ;
Ye ha'e aye haen your hame as the first o' your thochts,
Ye ha'e cared for your bairns and your biel'.
To oor Faither abune are we awn a' we ha'e,
As we traivel life's pathway along,
And ill faur the day when we twa ha'e to pairt
On a road that we a' ha'e to gang.

* * * * *

The Bonnie Braes o' Dron.

SOME praise oor Highland mountains,
And some old England's plains,
Some talk o' blue and cloudless skies,
Where endless summer reigns.
But the bonniest spot o' ony
The sun can shine upon
Is oor ain sweet little pairish,
And the bonnie braes o' Dron.

When the sun in summer beauty
Shines o'er Balmanno Hill,
It fills wi' gowd ilk flow'ret's cup,
It dances in ilk rill.
They then ootshine in beauty rare
Earth's bonniest precious stone ;
They seem like fairer regions,
The bonnie braes o' Dron.

When the mellow gowd o' autumn
Paints a' wi' richest hue,
They tine nocht o' their grandeur,
It adds but to the view.
The mantle white o' winter time,
Wi' beauty all its own,
Haps a' the hills aroon' oor hames,
The bonnie braes o' Dron.

Hoo peacefu' looks ilk spot we ken,
The Kirk, the auld Kirkyaird ;
The Castle tak's us back to days
When strength was a' ane's guaird.
And ha' and cot fu' cosy lie
'Mid sun and winter's moan ;
Oh, happy are the hames, I trow,
On the bonnie braes o' Dron.

Let some, then, vaunt o' foreign lands,
We grudge them not the scene ;
A fairer land than Scotia dear
There isna to be seen.
O' a' the beauteous fairy nooks
The Scotsman lo'es to own,
Nane can surpass in beauty rare
The bonnie braes o' Dron.



Resurrection.

CLAD in the garb of the tomb,
Robed in the robes of the dead,
Amazed, by the side of the dull, dark grave,
The cloth still encircling his head,
He stands, but awaiting the Saviour's commands,
I say to you, "Loose him, untie all the bands."

Clad in the garment of time,
Robed in the robes of our sin,
Alone, by the grave of the years that are gone,
Enchained both without and within,
We stand, Lord, awaiting Thy gracious command
To sins of those days, "Go, loose every band."

Grant us, O Lord, then to wear
The robes and garment divine,
That our lives may arise from the grave of those years,
A copy more faithful of Thine.
And then, when the grave hears Thy final command,
O grant us a place in the white-robéd band.

The Land of By-and-by.

THERE'S a land that's awaiting explorers,
A land we're all longing to know,
We deem it is full of the fair things
That only in fancy-land grow.
When clouds of misfortune are o'er us,
And dark is our present-day sky,
We long for that land of bright sunshine,
That is known by the name By-and-by.

No human foot ever yet trod it,
No tongue e'er recited its tale,
No human eye ever beheld it,
'Tis hid by futurity's veil.
Great deeds shall we do in that country,
Our names shall be written full high
In letters of gold on the scroll-book of fame,
When we reach the bright land, By-and-by.

Full many a barque in fine weather,
With favour of tide and of breeze,
Has left the known country of This Day
To sail o'er the bright, glassy seas.
But the mystic land still is afar off,
That seemed very near us to lie,
Our compass we've left in the country behind,
Ere we sailed for that land, By-and-by.

We thought that, with hope as our pilot,
We safely would reach that bright shore,
We hoisted no sail and we bent not our backs,
With vigour to ply each an oar.

'Tis the stroke of the oar that's awanting
 To bring us the land that seemed nigh,
 Those only who strive in the land of this Day
 Shall be great in the land, By-and-by.

* * * * *

In a fremmit land.

*(Dedicated to my friend, D. A. Hogg, Esq., Chicago,
 a native of Milnathort).*

Oh for a glint o' oor ain Scottish hills,
 A sough o' the norlan' win',
 To speel ower the braes o' the auld, sunny days
 Decked oot wi' the gowden whin,
 To guddle ance mair in the wimplin' burn,
 To hear the sweet lintie's sang,
 In a fremmit land for the guid, auld days
 Will the heart aft weary lang.

For there ne'er were hills like the hills o' hame,
 Nor yet sae caller an air ;
 And ne'er did the sun shine sae bonnilie
 On a land that was sae fair.
 And the fremmit fowk want the couthie tongue
 We heard roond the fire lang syne,
 That hamelike soon' like the dear auld days
 In life we can never tine.

Oh for the kirk and the auld kirkyaird,
 At soon' o' the Sabbath bell
 We a' met there in the simmer morn,
 And when winter winds blew snell.

Oor dear anes laid in the mools seemed near
 'Mid that calm, that hallowed scene ;
In a fremmit land ilk kindly face
 Draws near in the winter e'en.

Oh for the hame, the hame o' oor youth,
 Whaur callants we sported free,
To paidle ance mair, the chestnnts to pu',
 To slide again in oor glee.
As years gang by in this fremmit land,
 Thae sights that we a' can see
Bring back the wish that among the hills
 And the frien's o' hame we'll dee.

* * * * *

Christmas Memories.

HEAP ye on the big Christmas log, wife,
 Gie's a cheery bit fire this e'en ;
Though noo we are left a' alane, wife,
 There were happier days we've seen.
Oor locks werena white like the snaw, wife,
 Nor oor step as frail as it's noo ;
Oor cheek had a bricht, cheery red, wife,
 Nae crawfits were seen on oor broo.

Oor bairnies a' cam' for their Yule, wife,
 And happy were we then, I trow,
To gaither them a' by the hearth, wife,
 I ken you are thinkin' on't now.
But ane by ane they gaed awa', wife,
 To a land that sune we'll baith see,
Till noo we are left a' alane, wife,
 But yet I ha'e you, you ha'e me.

Oor bairnies are a' safe at hame, wife,
 And sune we will meet them a' there,
 Whaur pairtin' wurd never is said, wife,
 They tastena o' cark or o' care.
 Whaur winter's frost daurna e'er come, wife,
 That took oor wee Geordie awa',
 For there they've aye simmer sae fair, wife,
 The sun's bonnie glints brichtan a'.

Sae heap on a big Christmas log, wife,
 Like them that we had long ago,
 The bairnies may come ance again, wife,
 As angel bands aye come and go.
 Mayhap, though we seena, they're here, wife,
 Mayhap 'tis the last that we'll ha'e
 On this earth ; then heap on the log, wife,
 Like that o' ilk auld Christmas day.

* * * * *

Victoria's Dead.

VICTORIA'S dead ; Britannia weeps
 As she has never wept before,
 The leaden pall of sorrow hangs
 O'er all our isle from shore to shore,
 The mournful aspect well becomes
 A land whose mother Queen has gone
 From palace here to mansion high,
 From earthly crown to heavenly throne.

Victoria's dead : o'er all the world
 The mournful news casts gloom to-day,
 All eyes are turned to yonder isle,
 Where Britain's Queen has passed away.

And e'en the winter's cloudy skies
Drop down in tears, as if they knew
How keen our grief, how great our loss,
Since she has passed from earthly view.

Victoria's dead : none more beloved
By peer, by peasant, filled a throne ;
Her mother's love, her queenly mien
But linked our hearts unto her own.
The tender word, the thoughtful deed,
Her sympathy so warm and kind,
All won the heart of Britain's sons,
And 'graved her name upon each mind.

Victoria's dead : the earth ne'er knew
A nobler queen, none half so dear,
None half so good, so pure, so true,
And earth now drops with us the tear.
How oft her loving, tender heart
With sore afflicted ones has bled ;
Then let the tears unhindered flow,
Since hearts are sore. Victoria's dead.



Crinan.

I'VE wandered near, I've wandered far,
And many lands I've travelled through,
But ne'er did beauties such as these
E'er open out upon my view.
I stand upon the western shore,
And gaze on yonder Jura land ;
I see the sun tint all the peaks,
And deck them with an artist's hand.

The rippling wave, the mountain side,
The moss, the ancient castle wall,
The waving trees, the heather bell,
Before me now I see them all.
And as the e'ening sun sinks down
Behind yon hills on Jura's strand,
Their lofty heads are bathed in gold,
They seem the gate to fairer land.

The placid wave, the golden peak,
The sky of brightest sunset hue,
Like portals stand of some bright land
Fairer than mortals e'er did view ;
And hear the Corrievreckan roar,
While beauteous nature seeks repose ;
No fairer view could meet man's eye,
No varying beauties such as those.

The Old Year's Farewell.

THE portals of time ope again to receive
A careworn and wrinkled old year,
While at the same moment a stripling steps forth,
Whose birth is now hailed with a cheer.
The old, hoary father, with many a sigh,
Looks out on the stripling so gay,
For once he was young like the new, infant year,
But youth is now past and away.

He thinks of the promise he gave in those days,
As fair as the new one can bring,
And tears gently fall from his old withered cheek,
And thus his lament he doth sing :
“ O would that the burden of care on my back
From mortals away I could bear,
And thus make the path of the newly-born year
To shine with bright flowerets so fair.”

And loud from the voices of years that are dead,
Yet live in the kingdom of time,
Breaks forth a sweet song with a chorus so strong,
And these are the words of their rhyme :

“ O comfort, O comfort, our newly-come friend,
Let sadness not weigh down thy heart,
To hasten the time of men's brotherhood there,
We've each borne our own little part.
The signs may be few, and the times may be dark,
Yet here in our kingdom we see
It surely is coming, the day will soon dawn
When men shall as brethren be.”

And thus, as the conclave of past faded years
Greets the weary old traveller there,
We mortals would drop down our wreath on his bier,
And ring his death-knell on the air.
And oh ! let us learn, as the years come and go,
That each has a work to pursue,
To hasten the time when in brotherhood's bonds,
Each strives with man's welfare in view.

* * * * *

Fifty Years' Planting.

*(Written on the occasion of a dinner given to Mr. Alex. Millar, M.A., on
his retiring from the headmastership of Orwell Public School,
Milnathort.)*

FIFTY years' planting and fifty years' sowing,
When will the fruit of the harvest be seen ?
Ah ! it is seen in the lives of the noble,
Noble in action, yet lowly in mien.
Fifty years spent in the sowing of learning,
Fifty years spent for the rest thou wert earning.

Fifty years' planting and fifty years' sowing
Seeds that found soil in the minds of the young ;
Earth cannot tell what the fruit-time is bringing,
Harvest will shout with its loud, golden tongue :
Fifty years' labour in youth's lovely vineyard,
Fifty years' labour—thou hast won thy reward.

Some who have sat at thy feet in that schoolroom,
There tasting wisdom, the best of all lore,
Sail on fame's billows, their labours all praise thee.

Some have gone now where they labour no more.
All have had cause to respect and to love thee,
Who fitted their bark for our life's stormy sea.

Now, at the close of thy fifty years' labour,
We grudge not the rest thou nobly hast won,
But "Well done, our friend," the cry of thy neighbours,
And long may'st thou live's the wish of each one.
For fifty years' labour earns peaceful repose,
"Well done," be thy welcome when life's at its close.

* * * * *

The wee drap o' bluid.

WHAT links the Scotsman to his hame,
Her hills and bens sae bare,
What gars him put her first amang
The fairest o' the fair?
What mak's him prood o' a' her sons,
Wha dee'd for richt and guid?
It's just what warms oor hearts to her,
The wee, wee drap o' bluid.

And they, wha left oor Scotia dear
As callants puir langsyne,
Though they ha'e reached the tapmost step,
Their love o' her ne'er tine;
And Scottish laddies they were aye,
As 'mid high rank they stuid,
Their richest tocher aye to claim
The wee, wee drap o' bluid.

The hameless, feckless wanderer, too,
O' gowd and gear wha's nane,
Is prood that he can richtly claim
Oor Scotia as his ain.
And aft the thocht o' her brave sons
Keeps him in weys o' guid,
He bides a man, though e'er sae puir,
For that wee drap o' bluid.

Ilk ane o's a', whate'er oor rank,
Thinks o't wi' nae sma' pride,
That Scotsmen found o'er a' the world
Are leal, whate'er betide.
They're leal to her, wha in the front
O' nations aye has stuid,
We're prood to think we're brethren a'
For the wee drap o' bluid.

* * * * *

Scotland.

HERE'S to the Bruce and the Wallace,
The men of the stern long ago,
Who stood in the forefront of freedom,
And back drove the Sassenach foe.
Here's to the Knox and the martyrs,
Who died for the freedom of faith ;
Those bold, noble men showed that Scotsmen
Loved freedom and feared not for death.

Then here's to our brave Scottish warriors,
The past and the present are one,
They're found in the front still the foremost,
As brave as in days that are gone.

Here's to the heath and the thistle,
The emblem old, "Touch gin ye daur,"
For aye 'gainst the foe they've been foremost,
When loud blew the trumpets of war.
Here's to the glen and the mountain,
For none can e'er with them compare,
'Twas here that we reared all the heroes,
Who fought for old Scotia so fair.

Then here's to the heath and the thistle,
The mountain, the glen, and the burn;
Let foemen but touch Scotland's honour,
The thistle will jag in return.

Here's to the band of sweet singers,
Who've sung of our dear native land,
From Burns at the plough to the humblest
Of Scotlands bards, bright, gifted band.
Theirs was the music that thrilled us
Around the old homestead's bright fire,
But brighter the fire in our bosom,
Our love for the land they inspire.

Then here's to the land they have chanted,
The fairest and dearest on earth,
The land of the brave, home of freedom,
'Tis Scotland, the land of our birth.



There's a Blank.

THERE'S a blank at our hearth, there's a void in our
hearts,

There's a voice that is silent for aye,
There's a little white coffin now laid in the room,
There's a chair that is vacant to-day.

There's a cheery, glad face that we'll see never more,
It is laid in that coffin so white ;
There is silence through all, for now hushed is each
sound,
There's the blackness of darkest midnight.

There's a mother who sobs by the side of that bier,
There are near ones and dear ones around,
Who gaze on that face for the last time on earth,
Ere the grave gives its dull, solemn sound.

There's a glad welcome home in the heavens above,
There's a song that the angels aye sing,
As they open the gates of our heavenly home,
And they welcome a child of the King.

There's a place in that band for the form that we
loved ;
Though we grudged him sore, surely we know
That our dear one has gone to that far better land,
And the father who loved him below.

There's a mansion so fair up above the dark clouds,
That our Saviour prepared for him there ;
There is comfort to know, though our hearts are full
sore,
That he's free from earth's pain and its care.

The Voice of Spring.

OH, what is the voice of the spring, my child,
And what does it say unto thee?
It whispers to me in tones, low yet clear,
That summer is coming, yea, summer is near,
That soon will the flowers and the playtime be here,
Oh, this is its song unto me.

Oh, what is the voice of the spring, young maid,
And what does it say unto thee?
The spring is the season that whispers to all,
To bird and to man with its tender, sweet call,
That love has its home in the bosoms of all,
Yes, this is its song unto me.

Oh, what is the voice of the spring, my sire,
And what does it say unto thee?
Winter gives place unto spring's brightest days,
And wakens the birds to their glorious lays,
So beyond the grave is the spring of our praise,
Yes, this is its song unto me.

To one and to all comes the still, gentle voice,
Let's list to the voice of the spring,
A voice of sweet hope and a voice of sweet song,
The sunshine of summer is sure to prolong,
Towards Eternity's shores it grows strong and more
strong
With the voice of Eternity's spring.

A Comrade's Wreath.

(D. F.)

O, GENTLY close his eyes, now dead and cold,
And cross his hands upon his manly breast.
Our comrade's span of life on earth is o'er,
Ere noon's bright day he's found eternal rest.

And, while we mourn the buds by winter's frost
Of ripest age snatched from our earthly view,
How sad our hearts, our bitter tears must flow
For summer's flowers of bright and loveliest hue.

For through the air their fragrance has been sweet,
And midst the buds their promise best of all,
Their lovely leaves of kindly deeds will live
Long, though before the reaper, Death, they fall.

And though the grave close o'er thy tender heart,
As o'er thy bier the tears of friends are shed,
The wreaths of comrades, too, adorn thy brow,
The wreaths of hearts who love thee still though dead.

And as we call to mind the days now gone,
Those happy days of friendship sweet and dear,
Thy kindly deeds, thy true and manly worth,
Demand this sigh beside thine open bier.

Sleep.

WHAT lies in that country we mortals call sleep,
That makes it so dear unto all,
To the old, to the bairn upon mamma's knee,
In the cot, in the palace, the hall.
Is't visions of gold that we mortals see there,
That lead us away o'er its line?
Or is it the land of the fairies to us,
A land of eternal sunshine?

Away from the world, with its dull, throbbing pains,
Each seeks the fair country of sleep,
Where elfins all bring to us gladness and joy,
We know not to sorrow or weep.
Or is it the land of the grim giants old,
The heroes of childhood's bright days?
Or is it the land that our poets have sung
In sweetest of all human lays?

Before we can enter its confines so fair,
We must shut out the world that we know,
And close our bright eyes to the light of the earth,
Gone now is the hearth's cheery glow.
And then o'er our vision a calm feeling comes,
We're wafted away o'er its strand ;
Oh, is it the land where we rise unto fame
By labour of brain or of hand?

Ah, no ; but methinks that we love it so well,
'Cause angels are near to us then,
They come from their home our tired eyelids to close,
Their message is rest unto men.

They shut out the world, to the wild busy brain,
To the limbs, to the body they bear
Sweet rest unto all, for the angels know well,
That repose is the soother of care.

* * * * *

The Old and the New.

O, WHAT has the old year done for you,
Has it brought you weal or woe,
Has the way been light, has the day been bright,
Has the sun lent its cheeriest glow?
Have the years rolled on like a placid stream
Through a meadow fair and green,
Has the past old year as we stand by its bier
Been as glad as it might have been?

O, what have you done in the dead old year,
Have you scattered fair flowers by the way,
Have you tried your best, in the world's unrest,
For calm on each stormy day?
Has a brother's toil been made lighter far,
Has a lonely heart been glad
Because of your aid, my friend, have you made
Sweet mirth where the soul was sad?

O, what will the new year do for you,
That infant of promise bright?
Ah! none can know, for the days as they go
May bring us the dark or the light.
The dark of grief or the light of joy,
But to each may the year be given
As a mountain height, where we view the light
In the promised land of heaven.

Dowhill.

(Written on the occasion of a Sunday School trip to the old castle.)

FAR away from the scene of life's sterner duties
We sought thy green shelter, O Dowhill, so fair,
We gazed on thy turret, that old beaten ruin,
And thought of those days when thy walls were not
bare.

On thy hearth once again the love-light gleams
brightly,
Again in our fancy joy sounds in the hall,
Again we behold the Knight belt on his armour
To fight for his King, for his country, and all.

Again does the newly-made wife grieve in anguish
To think of the danger her sire doth now bear ;
When war's latest trumpet has sounded its warning
Her hymns rise to God for His love and His care.

But the scene is now changed, thy walls are in ruins,
No more will thy chieftain's voice sound o'er the lea,
No more will the light of thy fire cheer the stranger,
For now thou'rt the home of the owl circling free.

The beauties of nature still cluster around thee,
And make one rejoice in the bright, fairy scene,
And even the child-hearts are beating with gladness
To tread where the footsteps of warriors have been.

And, though ne'er again we can see the old castle,
We aye will remember that spot bright and still,
And oft in the years that shall yet cross our pathway
Our thoughts shall return to thee, lovely Dowhill.

Lodgings to Let.

'Twas juist the last fa' that I lost my auld mither,
A mither she'd been, whom I'll never forget ;
When death cam' her gate I was lanely and waesome,
And sae I looked oot for the " Lodgings to let."

Some widna dae, then I tried a young widow,
She was baith douce and cantie and unco weel set,
She grat for her man, sae my heart it was saftened ;
She took doon her buird wi' its " Lodgings to let."

I was unco weel ser'ed for a week or a fortnicht,
My dinners were grand, and my toast was aye het,
My slippers aye warmed, and I felt unco cosy,
I didna then rue I'd taen lodgings to let.

The widow aft tauld me o' her dear departed,
And crackéd o' Johnnie, her bonnie wee pet,
And sune wi' that bairn on my knee in the kitchen,
I sang like a lark in thae " Lodgings to let."

The widow then spiered gin it wadna be better
To come ilka e'enin' and dawdle her pet,
She said I aye minded her o' her dear husband,
Wha sang sae before she had lodgings to let.

A' gaed unco weel till a neibour man tauld me
His wife had been sayin' what I canna forget,
The widow had whispered she was sure o' her lodger,
I mairried Jean Broon—noo there's lodgings to let.

“God Save the King.”

(On the occasion of King Edward's illness at the date originally fixed for his Coronation, June 26th, 1902.)

CROWNED with the crown of the Empire
We thought to have hailed thee to-day ;
Crowned with the crown of sore sickness,
We sing now a sad, mournful lay.
But yet will our voices on hope's airy wing
Rise now with our prayer, “ Oh, God save the King.”

“ God save the King ” ; from the Empire,
The rich and the poor, rises high
Up to the throne of His mercy,
The prayer that our King may not die ;
Long may he be spared us, again will we sing,
With hope in Thy mercy, “ Oh, God save the King.”

“ God save the King ” ; 'tis the anthem
That comes from Britannia's wide shore ;
God grant him long years to reign o'er us,
May health for him still be in store.
Thou King of all monarchs, of blessings the spring,
Our prayer rises now, “ Oh, God save the King.”

* * * * *

Childhood's Land.

THERE'S a dear little land we've all left behind,
Where the elfins and fairies play,
The little folks dance in the cup of the bell,
And sing us a sweet roundelay.
Its stones, like the shells of the billowy sea,
Lie strewn o'er the bright golden strand,
Its flowers are all gems of the rarest design ;
We've each of us trodden that land.

Its skies are all azure, no cloud e'er appears
To darken their radiance at noon,
And its days are all years, and, strange yet to say,
Its years pass as gaily as June.
Its songs are all sweeter by far than the lilts
We've heard since we passed from its shore ;
Its men are all heroes, its women all queens,
Enchanting its songs and its lore.

Its birds have a plumage we've ne'er seen surpassed
By fancy of brush or of pen.
Its food, like ambrosial feast of the gods,
But once in life tasted by men.
The nectar, its drink, is a cool, nerving draught
We quaff mid the shades of its trees ;
Those trees seem like bowers in some far-away land
That rustle and shake in the breeze.

Would you know that fair land we've all travelled
through,
Where scenes like these ever are seen ?
Would you enter again its confines so fair,
And taste of the joys that have been ?
Then know we can taste never more of those joys,
As tasted on its golden strand,
For now we have left that fair region behind
Of Childhood—that bright, sunny land.



In Memoriam.

(Dr. Russell, Arbroath.)

No more the surgeon's kindly hand
Will ease us in our pain ;
No more the doctor's welcome voice
Will cheer our couch again.
No more his noble, manly form
For us will fight the foe,
For Death, whom long he'd fought, has come,
And laid the doctor low.

We'll miss him now in these our streets,
We'll miss him in his pew,
We'll miss the bright, the cheery smile,
The voice that well we knew.
But most of all we'll miss his skill
For us in hours of pain,
And often in the years to come
We'll long for him again.

Friend after friend has fallen now,
And left us by the way ;
Anew the tear is dropping down,
Hearts mourn for him to-day.
For, as in life we lov'd him well,
In death we grieve him sore,
And more we'll grieve as time rolls on,
That we'll ne'er see him more.

The Lord's my Shepherd.

SING that psalm o'er again, my dear,
 "The Lord's my Shepherd," ay ! 'tis true ;
Sing ere I graze in Eden's fields,
 Ere death's dew lights upon my broo.

True, mair than true, 't has been, my dear,
 For four score years I've proved it noo,
The Lord's girse aye was sweet, my dear,
 The day aye fair, the lift aye blue.

He kens ilk ane o's by oor name,
 Frae aff His luif it winna blot,
We've a' been dour, throu'ither sheep,
 But a' thae sins will be forgot.

And in the fauld abune, my dear,
 He'll hap us up wi' eident care,
And life will scribe alang, my dear,
 We'll pree nae dool for evermair.

Then, oh, my dear, tak' tent an' learn,
 (I ance was strong, tho' noo I'm frail),
Tho' a' are sheep, some douce, some dour,
 The Shepherd's love it winna fail.

Then sing it o'er again, my dear,
 The Lord's my Shepherd, kind and true,
For sune I'll nibble Jordan's banks,
 Noo death's dew lights upon my broo.

Birthday Buds.

Now I'm sitting by the gateway
Of a new, an infant year,
Near my feet a bud smiles fondly,
Smiles my drooping heart to cheer.
Oft have buds as fair and lovely
Greeted me on natal day,
Still the past seems dull and fruitless,
Buds have bloomed but to decay.

Buds of promise for the future
In the good I fain would do,
Buds that e'er the noontide vanished,
As our dreams or morning dew.
And each year has, toward the ev'ning,
Brought regret to dim the light,
That should mark each fleeting birthday,
Ere that past year fades in night.

But these buds to me have fruitage,
Though their bloom has passed at morn,
Though mankind ne'er knew their fragrance,
'T may be sweet in days unborn.
And it may be that the garden,
Life, in which our buds we sow,
Shall be sweeter for the perfume
Of those flowers that from them grow.

Now I'm sitting by the gateway
Of a new, an infant year,
Near my feet a bud smiles fondly,
Smiles my drooping heart to cheer.

And though buds as fair and lovely
Greet me oft on natal day,
May the future yield its blossom
In sweet buds that ne'er decay.

* * * * *

Peace.

AN angel came to our dear little land
On a peaceful Sabbath e'en,
And she spread her wings o'er every home,
O'er palace and cottage mean.
And they welcomed the angel, one and all,
And their tears spoke words of glee,
For the tears oft flow when the heart is glad,
And the voice speaks melody.

And the angel smiled as they hailed her then,
That smile she had learned above,
And she joyed to know that the message came,
The herald of peace and love.
A message of those on a distant shore,
Who fought for their kin and home,
Their names are engraved on the nation's heart,
Though far o'er the ocean's foam.

A message of those who would soon return,
A welcome and noble band ;
A message of those who had fallen there,
On that distant Afric strand.
And her tears fell blending with theirs that e'en,
To think of the hearts so sore,
Who wept for the lads who would ne'er return,
Who sleep on that far-off shore.

Her greeting by all was a welcome strain,
As heard by that angel fair ;
She had come to bless, and her heart rejoiced
She'd answered their fervent prayer.
And her welcome voice rang forth o'er the wave,
" In my train shall warfare cease,
Let your flag still wave as of old the free,"
For the angel's name was Peace.

* * * * *

Coronation Ode.

(King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra crowned 9th August, 1902.)

HARK ! 'tis the song of the nation
That rises in anthem and song ;
'Tis the song of the free that is heard o'er the sea,
'Tis the song of the valiant and strong.
From the rich meadow plains of old England,
From the bens of our own Scottish shore,
From Wales and from Erin's green island
The anthem re-echoes once more.
All hail to our noble King Edward,
To Queen Alexandra ; these twain
In our hearts are enthroned, by our love have
been crowned
With a diadem time cannot stain.

Hark ! 'tis the voice of the Empire,
Where the gates of the East greet the West ;
'Tis the song of the brave who have crossed ocean's
wave,
And it sails o'er its billowy crest.

From the Orient climes we can hear the refrain
Fill the vault of the clear, cloudless sky,
For as brethren they of our Empire to-day
With us lift their voices on high.
All hail to thee, Emperor Edward,
And thee, Alexandra ; these twain
In our hearts are enthroned, by our love have
been crowned,
With a diadem time cannot stain.

'Tis the voice of the daughter Dominion,
Where the West seems to sink into East,
It swells the refrain that re-echoes again,
And Columbia's song is not least.
With the gentle, sweet voice of a maiden,
From our Commonwealth, hark ! on the breeze,
With a youthful refrain it sounds once again,
From the Britons from over the seas.
All hail to our noble King Edward
And Queen Alexandra ; these twain
In our hearts are enthroned, by our love have
been crowned,
With a diadem time cannot stain.

Hark ! 'tis the song of the people,
The peer and the peasant are one
In their anthem to-day, for one is their lay,
From the birth till decline of the sun.
From the homes of the rich, from the poor, lowly cot,
All hearts beat in union to-day,
And the loyal refrain fills the air once again,
And this with one voice they all pray :

God bless both our King and his Consort
We've crowned in our Empire to-day ;
May He crown them with health, and with years,
and with joy,
And the crown that shall fade not away.

* * * * *

January 25th.

*(Written for Jolly Beggars' Club, Kinross, and read by
Mr. R. Burns-Begg).*

COME ane and a', baith far and near,
The twenty-fifth ance mair is here
O' Janwar, first o' a' the year,
When wastlin' win'
Blew handsel on oor Robin dear,
And brocht him in.

In yonder cot near by auld Ayr,
When winter winds did rant and rair,
Rose ane whase name we aye haud fair,
Baith true and leal ;
As years pass by we lo'e him mair,
That plooman chiel'.

And bardies aft his name hae sung,
And lood and lang his praise has rung,
But still again we raise oor tongue
To croon him King ;
Wi' brither Scots wha aft hae sung
His praise we sing.

Abune them a' we place oor Burns,
Though ither bards lie in their urns ;
He lives to-day, his muse aye burns
 The wide warld o'er ;
To Banks o' Doon oor thocht aye turns,
 Whaur 't laps the shore.

Oor dearest wish for this oor land,
That by her Burns she aye may stand,
For sic a bard we ne'er hae faund
 Sin' auld lang syne ;
And may we by the heart or hand
 Oor Burns ne'er tine.

* * * * *

Friendship.

SAY, what is friendship? 'Tis the helm
 That steers our bark o'er life's rough main ;
Past shoals, through storms its power has led,
 And soon we'll cross the bar again.

Though oft-times tossed upon the waves
 Of keen temptation, sorrow drear,
That helm, aye moved by kindly hands,
 Has led us on through doubt and fear.

What though our sky seemed black and dark,
 And stormy waves began to roll,
Our helm oft stayed our drifting bark,
 It stilled the heart and cheered the soul.

It led us on to fairer climes,
Where, ne'er disturbed by cark and care,
We found a haven of sweet rest,
And purest joys of friendship there.

Such, such is friendship firm and true,
The friendship I would claim as mine,
Still true to guide though waves beat high,
And such I know, my friend, is thine.

* * * * *

A Wedding Song.

I BRING no riches to thy purse,
No titles to thy name,
I only bring a heart's true love,
And love I only claim.

For what are riches, what is fame,
If love hold not the sway?
As years roll on these riches fade,
But love can last for aye.

And as the years of weal and woe
Roll o'er us on life's way,
The flower that grew in Eden's bower,
In love will ne'er decay.

And, as the portals stand ajar
That lead to wedlock's vale,
We will renew our plighted troth,
And breathe that same sweet tale.

And in that house upon the hill,
Our lovely Highland home,
As in the days gone by we've loved,
We'll love in days to come.

Staunch as the hills around that spot
We'll wander o'er life's road
In wedlock, love, and heart as one,
And one in love to God.

* * * * *

The Seas.

WE have watched the wavelets rippling
In our beauteous western home ;
We have seen those wavelets rising
'Gainst the shore in angry foam.

We have joyed to find the pebbles
Neath the sun's midsummer rays,
But our hearts have filled with terror
'Mid the storms of wintry days.

Now another sea is beating,
And we long will hear its roar,
Long its waves will seem in fury
Breaking on this mortal shore.

For we know those barks, departing
On that sea, will ne'er return,
And we, from our strand outlooking,
Fearful, helpless, only mourn.

For we see not that bright harbour
Whence that dark sea steals its light.
We look forth into the darkness,
Black and cheerless as the night.

But we know a heavenly Pilot
Guides those barks we hold so dear
Through the swelling of death's ocean
To a fairer strand than here.

On that strand thou'rt finding pebbles
'Neath eternal summer glow—
Love, our gracious Father's pebble,
Known in heaven, yet felt below.

* * * * *

The Evening Hour.

At the peaceful evening hour of day,
When o'er the sky the shadows fall,
When the twilight calm soothes weary hearts,
And sweet rest comes to one and all.
Then hear the child, from books set free,
Rejoice in youth's bright, happy day,
His noon-day cares have passed from mind,
At the peaceful hour of day.

At the peaceful evening hour of day,
When o'er the hills the sun sinks low,
When the twilight deepens into dark,
And earth is kissed by day's last glow,

The virgin fair and manly youth
To trysting tree now wend their way,
To wear the lover's garb of hope
At the peaceful hour of day.

At the peaceful evening hour of day,
As the shadows now come, now fade,
When birds shield their young from every snare,
That all 'long their pathway is laid.
Mother will tell, with mother's love,
Of Davie and Bessie at play,
Father will pray for bairnies' weal,
At the peaceful hour of day.

At the peaceful evening hour of day,
When dying embers shed their glow,
And over the flowers the shadows fall,
And day has gone as days must go,
Close by the fire in hoary age,
Worn by her life's long, lonesome way,
The widow waits for longed-for rest
At the peaceful hour of day.

At the peaceful evening hour of day,
When our life's sun has almost gone,
When shadows are long at day's decline,
Our pathway seems weary and lone.
At twilight grey that voice is heard
That has guided along life's way,
May brightest light shine on our path
At the peaceful hour of day.

The Wreath of Fame.

ON a pinnacle high the Goddess of Fame
Speaks thus to her consorts around,
“A visit I’ll make to the old mother earth,
A worthy brow there will be found
To wear the bright wreath that I weave for the brave,
Come, now, let the hero be crowned.

“O, come, let’s decide who shall wear on his brow
This laurel, the emblem of fame ;
O, come now in council, my friends, let us see
Who, think you, is worthy the name,
A name to be scrolled on earth’s history’s page
As great in my temple of fame.”

But hark ! from the earth a great shout of acclaim
Mounts up to that temple so high.
It seems that the sons of the earth would decide,
With one loud, victorious cry,
Whose name shall be carved in the temple of fame
’Mong men who are noble and high.

“Oh, hark ye, my friends, that is no doubting mind,
And well it accords with my own ;
His brave, daring deeds in that African land
Deserve a place near to my throne.”
And each one around declares this is her thought,
And none speaks in faltering tone.

Thus high in that temple the name is inscribed,
To earth is that journey now made,
And, ’mid the acclaim of all sons of the earth,
The laurel is twined round the head
Of brave Baden Powell, ’round whose honoured name
A halo of glory is shed.

New Year's Song.

LET'S sing of the year that is now past and gone,
Let's sing of the infant new-born,
The knell-sounding bell of the one marks the dawn
Of life on this bright natal morn.
The year that is gone has brought sadness and joy,
Like years that before it have fled ;
The young infant year comes with promise of hope,
Its sky is now streaked with bright red.

Chorus—Then here's to the year that is gone,
And here's to the new infant year ;
In this may all joy fill the home,
To none may it bring the sad tear.

Some dear ones, some near ones have left us good-bye,
We'll see them again nevermore ;
'Twas then the old year seemed most cruel and harsh
To hearts that were heavy and sore.
Its days brought the sunshine of joy to us, too,
Our clouds with bright silver were lined,
There were rocks on its path, but midst them we knew
The pearls of joy we could find.

Chorus—

Betimes we were stayed by the tide of ill-luck,
When fav'ring winds wafted us on,
And here at its close we have reason to bless
The year that is now dead and gone.
We'll hope in the year we have welcomed this morn,
With tide and with breeze at our back,
That we'll glide to the land of plenty and health,
Where good things we never can lack.

Chorus—

President M'Kinley.

THE noble man lay dying,
His loved ones standing near,
His partner fondly clasping
The hand she held so dear.
But another Friend was near him
The watchers could not see,
To Him in tones of love he lisped,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Felled by a foul assassin
In manhood's prime he lay ;
The gates of death were opening
On the last and lonely way.
But he murmured not nor fretted,
The sands of life were run,
He whispered softly 'neath the load,
"Father, Thy will be done."

He turned his eye upon them,
Those loved ones standing nigh ;
He saw his dear ones bending
O'er him with tear-dimmed eye.
Though his heart was well-nigh breaking,
With faith in One on high,
"It is God's will," he softly breathed,
"Good-bye to all, goodbye."

Rich are the land and people
Who train such men to-day,
In life who've learned the lesson
Death's great call to obey.

Rich is the heritage thou'st left
Of noble deeds well done.
While now we weep, thy welcome sounds,
"Come home, thou faithful one."

* * * * *

Shall we know each other in the future life?

SHALL we not know beyond the grave
The friends on earth we've loved so well,
And is it doomed that through those years,
'Mong stranger souls we all must dwell?

When we have joined that heavenly host,
Shall no dear one give welcome home,
Whose voice in time we loved to hear,
To whom too soon did pale death come?

Shall yon sad widow clasp no more
The form of him she held so dear;
Shall no fond meeting cheer death's vale,
That shall repay for parting here?

And can it be in yonder realm
The mother shall not meet her child,
Whom she beheld fade at her breast,
Whose loss she mourned with anguish wild?

And when we stand beside the grave,
The first of all our family band;
What though our ring is cut on earth,
Is it not joined in yonder land?

And shall we know no other form
Than His, who bought us with His blood ;
Are all our fondest ties on earth
Snapped when we've crossed the Jordan's flood ?

I wist not, for beside Death's couch
We've seen the visage oft grow bright,
Our friends have greeted those they loved,
Who long had vanished from their sight.

'Twill add, too, to our joy, I ween,
To know our friends in heaven above,
For pleasures taste one half more sweet,
When they are shared by those we love.

* * * * *

Is it Nothing to you ?

Is it nothing to you that I vow my deep love,
Is it nothing to you ?
Although it be pure as the heavens above,
Does it thrill in thy heart no fond kindred love,
Is it nothing to you ?

Is it nothing to you that the heart is aye filled—
Is it nothing to you ?—
With a true love that ne'er in life can be stilled,
Whatever the years that our God may have willed,
Is it nothing to you ?

Is it nothing to you that I long for a smile?
Is it nothing to you?
To cheer and to gladden the sad heart the while,
To chase from the soul all the traces of guile,
Is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you that I hang on thy word,
Is it nothing to you?
That the kindly will cause to vibrate the chord
Of best, purest thought and of deed the true lord,
Is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you that I lay at thy feet,
Is it nothing to you?
An offering so pure and a trophy so meet
As the heart's virgin love, fond, free, and complete,
Is it nothing to you?

If 'tis nothing to you that I feel it all here,
Yet 'tis something to me.
Thy form makes life's pathway more hallowed and dear,
Thy love brings down heaven yet near and more near,
Yes, 'tis something to me.



Our Sweet Blossom.

(I. K. H.)

THE snowdrops had come pure and spotless,
With promise of springtime in store ;
The crocus had borne its glad message
That winter days soon would be o'er.
But sweeter than snowdrop or crocus
The bud that we reared in our cot,
She seemed like a flower from the garden
Where winter and springtime are not.

The infant year was at its dawning,
But little we recked at its birth,
Its youth would transplant our sweet flow'ret
From the garden she loved upon earth.
For she was the bloom of our fireside,
Our own little winsome, sweet Bell ;
We loved and we tended our rosebud
With care that no mortal can tell.

Like flowers of some far-away region
Too lovely she seemed for our race,
The angels have plucked our sweet blossom
To plant near the great Father's face.
For God thought her meet for His garden,
Mayhap for the wreath on His brow ;
But there in that heavenly Eden
We'll see her more lovely than now.

Two Pictures.

(A Temperance Tale.)

“SEIZE the cup and drink it up, lads,
Fellows, drink with right goodwill,
Drive dull care off in this draught, lads,
Let them moan and sigh who will.

Let the wretched hasten on, lads,
Let them haste we care not where,
We'll be happy, happy friends, lads,
For the world what do we care.

We can sip our glass at e'ening,
We can take it, we can want ;
We're not drunkards gone to ruin,
That we're hastening there is cant.

We are jolly, there's no doubting,
But we're young, and must be so ;
We know not to drink too freely,
When to stop and where to go.

And we ne'er go staggering homeward,
Like to those who sip too well ;
Seize the cup, then, drink it up, lads,
Here's the toast, ' The barmaid Nell. ' ”

And they seize their foaming glasses,
Drain them to this maiden's name ;
Each one drinks, while loud their laughter
Tells to all they know not shame.

Youthful lads and full of hope they,
Each one owns a cheery home ;
Each one kicks at fortune's ball, too,
Yet on downward path they roam.

But none more beloved than Thomas,
Darling of a mother's eye,
None is prayed for half so fondly,
None is loved more tenderly.

But the mother sees no evil
In her Tom and all his ways,
And, although she may perceive it,
“'Tis his youth,” is all she says.

Part II.

FEW, few years have passed away since,
And another grave is made
In yon churchyard by the hillside,
Where the leaves of Death ne'er fade.

For the widow now rests yonder,
And her son is left alone,
No one caring, none to care for,
Oft he sighs with heavy moan.

For his cheery home has gone now,
Ever since his mother died,
Homeless, aimless, now he wanders,
Not a friend on earth so wide.

For he'd drifted on full swiftly,
Fallen soon in pride's great fall,
Soon a drunken wretch became he,
Spurned by one, and shunned by all.

And his gay friends all had vanished,
Butterflies of summer day,
Only do they cling to fortune,
Ill-luck comes, they fly away.

And although he oft had treated,
When their day's work was all done,
"He's a brick," was then their saying,
Now, "a drunkard we must shun."

When he felt the pangs of hunger,
Craved them for a copper spare,
"Get you gone, you good-for-nothing,
For your pain what do we care."

Spurned and shunned by all his fellows,
Tom found out, alas ! too late,
Bar-room friends all, all are heartless,
Such too oft misfortune's fate.

Hope all gone, Tom found no solace,
Though he tried to drown his care.
Reeling on one night he stumbled,
Lay and slept he recked not where.

And when morning's light was dawning,
Sons of toil, while passing on,
Tried in vain to check Tom's slumber,
Tried in vain, for Tom was gone.

Judge not Tom, dear fellow mortal,
Leave that to our Master's eye ;
But stretch forth your hand to rescue
Souls in danger's path that lie.

Snatch our young men from the bar-room,
Snatch our maids from trial's way ;
Learn from Tom that youth is blinded,
Work, then, while we have the day.

Many an aged sire will bless you,
Many a mother clasp your hand,
Who had feared to leave their dear ones
In a weary, sinning land.

And the Master, too, will bless you
Thus for making dark lives bright.
He will keep His promise to you,
"At even-tide there shall be light."

* * * * *

In Memoriam.

(A. B. J., died on his 38th birthday.)

FRIENDSHIP'S ties are ever broken,
Broken rudely by death's strain,
And the cords of love that bind us
To those dear ones snapped in twain.
And our hearts are sad and weary
As a friend falls by the way,
E'en the world seems dark and dreary,
Dull the brightest summer day.

When a friend like thee has fallen
Dim the eye, the heart is sore,
When we think in yon dear hamlet
We can never see thee more.
But we cannot lose the mem'ry
Of thy kind and gentle way,
Of thy heart that shared the sorrow
On thy neighbour's breast that lay.

How unselfish and how kindly
Were thine acts ; who knew thee best,
Knew thy nature, noble, lofty,
Mourn thee now, when laid at rest.
Though thou hadst but passed the midway
Of the three score and the ten,
Thou hast done thy work and entered
On the rest prepared for men.

Birthday morning found thee sleeping
In a sleep where years are not ;
In our hearts while years are passing
Ne'er will be thy name forgot.
Though we now can see thee never
In that spot we both loved well,
Yet we'll trust to meet thee yonder,
Where eternal joys do dwell.



Another.

ANOTHER year is dead,
Another year is born,
Another day has passed away,
We greet another morn.
Another leaf has fallen
From the giant oak of time,
Another mark to point the road
On to another clime.

Another step we've ta'en,
Another less to run,
Another strain on time's great chain,
Another link is gone.
Another guest's departed,
Another farewell's said,
Another's crossed the threshold now,
We hear another's tread.

Another year's begun,
Another hope is given,
Another ray to cheer the way,
Another march towards heaven.
Another mountain summit,
Another streamlet's ford,
And, when the last another comes,
May we then see the Lord.

Christmas Sonnet.

RING, merry bells, with angel voice,
Your Christmas joy refrain,
To us is born this day a Son
 (As sung o'er Bethlehem's plain),
A son of love, a prince of peace,
Whose sway the earth shall own ;
Ring, Christmas bells, the day draws nigh
 When earth shall be His throne.
Ring, gladsome bells, the old-time song
 Of peace, goodwill to men,
Ring out the knell of hate and war,
 Ring, love-bells, once again ;
For, till your strains ring forth again,
No sound can charm like thy refrain.

* * * * *

The Queen's Funeral.

(The funeral of Queen Victoria, 3rd February, 1901).

WE cannot touch the hem of the crowd,
Yet in fancy we are there,
We lay our wreath on Victoria's grave,
With our hearts bowed down with care.
In fancy we hear the minute guns
 Boom forth o'er the wintry wave,
To mark her march o'er the glassy sea,
On her pathway to the grave.

We see the pride of Britannia's fleet,
And strangers from o'er the foam,
A tribute pay to our Queen this day,
As she seeks her long, last home.
We can hear the pibroch, weird and wild,
Now bid her a last farewell,
While the muffled drums roll forth their note,
As they sound Victoria's knell.

We can see the cortege pass along
Through the crowds that line each street,
While a nation's tears now mix with theirs,
For a life both pure and sweet.
And Britannia's heart-strings well-nigh break
At the sight of yonder shell,
That holds the form of the Empire's Queen,
Whom the Empire loved so well.

And still, with the mournful crowd, we move
With a funeral step and slow,
To let her rest by the side of him
Whom she loved in life below.
We drop our tear on Victoria's bier,
Yet we know that all is well ;
They've met again in the realms above,
They meet, but *we* part—farewell.



Wait.

WHEN tossed on life's wild, billowy sea,
When angry waves roll fast and free,
Above the storm there comes to me
A whisper, "Wait."

When far from home, from kin I stray,
And tread alone life's thorny way,
When weary oft I hear one say
In whisper, "Wait."

When tossed on couch of pain I lie,
And from my breast there breaks a sigh,
The voice of One, who's ever nigh,
But whispers, "Wait."

When airy castles rear their height
Like mirage to the traveller's sight,
When clouds but dim their hope's bright light,
One whispers, "Wait."

Where'er in life my way may be,
Whate'er my lot, Lord, grant to me
I may upon Thy wise decree
In patience wait.

General Wauchope.

(Killed while leading the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein.)

NEAR the distant Transvaal border
Is the gallant Wauchope laid,
The noble soldier's death was his,
His couch 'mong Britannia's dead.
His grave in that far-off clime will show
To the world in coming days
The men we raised in the dear old land,
The heroes we loved to praise.

None other death had he chosen,
Had the choice been his to make,
Than to die at the post of duty,
To bleed for his country's sake.
Like the heroes of dear old Scotia,
He flinched not at duty's call,
Now Scotland mourns, with a heavy heart,
The shot that made Wauchope fall.

While thistles wag on the mountain,
While the heath decks each tall ben,
We'll ne'er forget the daring bold
Of those brave, heroic men.
While love shall warm each Scottish heart
That is proud of Scotland's fame,
We'll ne'er forget that brave Brigade,
Nor the gallant Wauchope's name.

When the Union Jack floats o'er Pretoria.

RING loud the joy-bells from each steeple tower
Throughout this, our old sea-girt isle,
And the welcome strain will resound again,
Where the Orient beauties smile.
Let each true-born heart of Britannia joy
With brethren o'er land and o'er main,
Let our Empire's voice fill the vault of heaven,
For Freedom has triumphed again.

Let our flag float high o'er the foeman's towers,
The emblem of freedom and right,
The flower of our land have hoisted it there,
Who stood side by side in the fight.
And brethren we of Britannia's wide realm,
Whose equal the world hath ne'er seen,
Will toast the brave lads who've floated the flag,
We'll toast, too, our Empire, our Queen.

* * * * *

In Memoriam.

(Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate.)

Even as the bird that soars on highest wing
Finds its last rest upon earth's lowly place,
So mighty bards, like common men, must die,
Although all Nature seems to veil her face.

Though like that bird they've caught a heavenly song,
Like hers, their song is mute when winter's come ;
Yet winter opes to them the gates of spring,
The spring of song in yonder poet's home.

There, near the Master Bard, they lisp their song,
And angels list to hear the sweet refrain ;
But as on earth they've caught some heavenly gleam,
The song they chanted there dies not again.

And so with thee the winter's come at last,
When earth no more can hear thy carol now ;
Yet men shall love thy lyre in days to come,
A never-dying chaplet wreathes thy brow.

* * * * *

The Orwell Braes.

O, BONNIE are the Orwell braes,
When summer sun shines bricht,
And seen frae aff the Bahill tap
We see nae bonnier sicht.
We see nae bonnier sight ava
Than that low at oor feet,
Benarty's auld hill gairdin' fast
Loch Leven's lane retreat.

We see the Castle, auld and grey,
Whaur Scotland's martyred Queen
Spent many an hoor's dreich langin' sair
For happy days she'd seen.
For happy days she'd seen afore
That were noo past and gane,
The hard, hard weird she had to dree,
Auld Scotland's luckless Queen.

And there's Kinross, its steeple grey
 'Mang yonder trees is seen,
And farther still the Devon's Glen,
 Wi' beauteous nooks atween,
Wi' beauteous nooks atween thae twa,
 A lovely sicht, I trow,
Is that frae aff the Bahill brae,
 Wi' loch, and hill, and howe.

And yonder lies Kinnesswood auld,
 Whaur Bruce sae sweetly sang
The herald o' the summer time,
 That still pipes a' day lang,
That pipes the hale day lang, e'en yet,
 Hoo dear to Scotsmen a'
Is Michael Bruce, whase tender lyre
 Tears frae the een will draw.

And nearer lies auld Milnathort,
 A name baith sweet and dear,
That brings a charm to a' her sons,
 That fills ilk heart wi' cheer.
A name to a' her sons hoo dear,
 The auld sweet name o' hame ;
In weal or woe, in life or death,
 They'll lo'e auld Milsie's* name.

* A local name for Milnathort.

The Loss of the Mohegan.

*(Wrecked on Manacles Rocks, off Devon Coast, in south of England,
October 14th, 1898.)*

It came not with the howling wind,
Nor with the sea's tempestuous roar.
How came it, then? Ah, none can tell
How they were wrecked on yonder shore.

The merry laugh round festal board
Had scarcely died, when pale-faced death
Changed joy to shrieks of wildest grief,
And quicker came each quickening breath.

And they who, but a short hour gone,
Were full of joy and life's glad glee,
Now battle with that grim, dark foe,
That rocky, angry, hungry sea.

Thank God that these were sailors bold,
That then they did their duty well.
And yet one hundred lives are lost.
How came it all? Ah, none can tell.

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